

Liberty I Have Outpaced

Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

The smoke of Melville's strong cigar
Lingers on at Uskudar,

And Mr. Hawthorne's tall top-hat,
What could be lonelier than that?

Self-exiled men, like sage and thyme,
Grow a wilderness and call it home.

O Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

Voyages men take, and tell them
To the four corners of a room,

Towers men build, and climb them,
No better than a Wayside Inn.

Customs-house and consulship
Are hawsers the mighty cables slip.

O Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

Ding-a-ling, all anchors drowned
In the old depths of a wound,

Albany and Istanbul,
Ends of a peripatetic school,

The long, green summer lies afield,
Afflicted by transcendent gold.

O Liberty, I have outpaced our carpet.

A Flash-Poem On the Affinities of Frost

A strawberry, a strawberry,
A strawberry with bright success
Hangs in a niche of Caucasus,
It and I alike in this,
Our chins grow white with rime.

-- James Lovett

Istanbul, Turkey